

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 2.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1854.

NO. 46.

Business Cards, &c.

R. P. WARING,
Attorney at Law,
Office in Loring's Bank Building, 2nd floor.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

REMY & ROBINSON,
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 1 and 2 Atlantic Wharf,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Liberal advances made on Consignments.
Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn,
&c. and from a long experience in the business, we
feel confident of giving satisfaction.
March 17, 1854. 31-6m

Dry Goods in Charleston, So. Ca.
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Plantation Wares, Blankets, &c. Crochets and
Cottons, Mirrors, Sewing and Dress Goods, Clocks,
Mattresses and Showers. Terms Cash. One Price Only.
March 17, 1854. 31-ly

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37 Commission for selling Cotton Fifty cents per Bale.
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MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
NUSS & CO'S Patent
Diagonal Grand Pianos—
Hallet Davis & Co's Patent
Suspension Bridge Pianos;
(Chickering, Traverses &
other best makers' Pianos, at
the Factory Prices.
Columbia, S. C., Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly.

CAROLINA INN,
BY JENNINGS B. KERR.
Charlotte, V. C.
January 23, 1853. 28-ly

Mrs. A. W. WHELAN,
DRESSMAKER
(Residence, on Main Street, 3 doors south of Sadler's
Hotel).
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Dresses cut and made by the celebrated A. B. C.
method, and warranted to fit. Orders solicited and
promptly attended to. Sept. 2, 1853—8-ly.

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IMPORTERS & DEALERS in Royal Velvet, Tapes-
try, Brussels, Three ply, Ingrain and Venetian
CARPETINGS; India, Russia and Spanish Mattings;
Rugs, Door Mats, &c. &c.
OIL CLOTHS, of all widths, cut for rooms or entries.
IRISH LINENS, SHIRTINGS, DAMASKS, Diapers,
Long Lawns, Towels, Napkins, &c. &c.
An extensive assortment of Window CURTAINS.
CORNICES, &c. &c.
Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly.

The American Hotel,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and pres-
ent patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.
After which time, the entire property will be thoroughly
repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is in the best and most con-
venient situation, rendering it a desirable house for travellers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 22 C. M. RAY.

Baltimore Piano Forte Manufactory.
J. WISE & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Bando-
li-ty, Grand and Square PIANOS. Those wishing
a good and substantial Piano that will last an age, at a
fair price, may rely on getting such by addressing the
Manufacturers, by mail or otherwise. We have the
honour of serving and referring to the first families in the
State. In no case is a discount offered. The
Manufacturers, also, repair a host of the following citi-
zens.
Feb. 3, 1854. 25-6m Baltimore, Md.

MARSH & SHARP,
AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Will attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.
Or purchase and sell Slaves, &c. on Commission.
SALES ROOM—No. 124 Richardson street, and imme-
diately opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb. 3, 1854. THOS. B. MARSH, J. N. E. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,
BY S. M. REA,
AT the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends
and the public generally solicited.
February 17, 1854. 30-y

Notice.
ALL Accounts and Notes in favor of M. W. Robinson
have been placed in my hands for collection, and
must be settled by the 1st of April next or their Notes
and Accounts will be placed in Officers hands for col-
lection without reserve.
R. M. STERLING.
Charlotte, March 17, '54. 34-11

The Lost Mate.

I now am like the lonesome dove
That lost a cherished mate,
That soars aloft, from vale to vale,
Her sorrows to relate.
I've lost a loved and cherished wife,
And now must live alone—
While none can tell the woes and grief,
Or know the loss I mourn.
Thou art gone, my precious jewel,
Thy kind and gentle soul has fled
To climes, where innocence and truth
Their grateful fragrance ever shed.
Why should I weep, lament or sigh,
Or wish her back again?
She's gone to Jesus Christ on high
With him in heaven to reign.
We'll meet again on blest shore,
Freely from the tempter's arts and wiles;
Where full of joy we'll part no more
From thy sweet lips and rosy smiles.
Remember friends, when you draw near,
And stand around her tomb,
While on her grave you drop a tear—
She's in a happier home.

The Mother's Defence.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER WAR.
"My husband's rifle!" she shouted, springing to
her feet, and rushing across the cabin she tore the
weapon and accoutrements from the wall. But
on trying the piece with the ramrod, it proved to
be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch,
but it contained nothing but musket balls, which
her husband had purchased a few days before, to
run into bullets suitable for his rifle. The powder
horn was full, but of what use was the powder
without the ball? Drooping the weapon, she
wrong her hands in despair. Suddenly an idea
struck her—she seized one of the bullets, placed
it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion
bit it in two. Dashing a charge of powder into
the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments,
primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment
her muzzle protruded through the aperture, and
covered the body of the chief now advancing at
the head of the party towards the house. The quick
eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle
sight as the sun fell upon it, and he stooped, but
before he had time to make a rush, Miriam's finger
pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from
the distance had cleared away, she saw him clutch-
ing in the air, in the vain effort to recover himself.
Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by
the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him
any assistance, he threw his hands above his
head, and, whirling quickly around, fell upon his
face.

A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam
as she saw the effects of the avenging shot, and
then withdrawing from the loop-hole, she com-
menced reloading the rifle.
The Indians remained motionless for a few se-
conds, transfixed with astonishment, and then lift-
ing the body of their chief, withdrew to a respect-
able distance from the cabin, and the inmates half
believed their peril was over. But they were de-
ceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, the savages clus-
tered together, and appeared for several minutes
to be in close conversation. At the expiration of
their woe-worn, having apparently agreed upon
their plan of action, the whole gang took open
order and dashed at full run, with wild yells, to-
ward the dwelling.

As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who
was now stationed at another loop-hole, again dis-
charged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandott shot
through both legs, dropped in his tracks with an
involuntary shriek of agony. The others kept
on, reaching the cabin, six of them clambered on
the roof, while the other five commenced firing
on the doors and cutting openings in the logs.—
Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the
shingles, which were soon in a blaze. The de-
struction of the cabin and inmates now seemed
inevitable.

There was a hoghead half full of water in the
house. Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the
loft and Hope and Alice supplied her with water
from below, by which she contrived to extinguish
the flames as fast as they broke out, while she
herself, enveloped, and almost suffocated by steam
and smoke, was invisible to the assailant. At
length the water was exhausted, and the Indians
observing that the efforts of the besieged party
were slackening, ventured to poke his head thro'
one of the holes in the roof, to see how the land
lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing within
a few feet of the opening, and at the instant she
whirled the empty bucket around her head, and
whirling it with a swing of her arm, struck him
directly in the forehead with the sharp edge of the
stave. She heard the bones crush and the victim
groan, a moment after which he was drawn away
by his companions, three of whom descended
from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two remain-
ing savages tearing the upper logs of the chimney,
and presuming they intended to effect an entrance
that way she ran down stairs to prepare for them.
"The feather bed! the feather bed!" she shouted,
as she reached the lower room, and this much
prized article in a frontierman's inventory of
household chattels was quickly brought forth and
thrown into the huge fire-place. By this time one
of the Indians had fairly got into the chimney.—
The savage made an effort to scramble up again,
but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame
him, and he fell heavily on the hearth-stone. In
the meantime, Miriam had grasped the rifle and
had it ready for his reception. Scarcely had he
touched the floor, when the iron-bound point of
the breech crashed through his skull. The other
who had caught a whiff of the vapor in time to
avoid a like fate hastily descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indians were now killed,
but these casualties only added new fury to the
remainder. They well knew that the cabin was
occupied by women only—and nothing could be
more degrading in the eyes of these swarthy war-
riors than to be baffled by a parcel of squaws.—
They now furiously assailed the door with tom-

hawks. To this proceeding the inmates could
offer no resistance. In striking the savage who
had fallen down the chimney, Miriam had broken
the lock of her husband's rifle—the only one they
had—and now, handing the weapon to her sister-
in-law, she armed herself with the axe of the
young McAndre, which stood in the corner, and
prepared herself for the last extremity. Alice
betook herself to a very formidable weapon, the
slaughter-knife of the establishment; and thus
armed, the three women ranged themselves on
either side of the door, determined to sell their
lives as dearly as possible.

In half an hour the Indians had nearly cut two
planks out of the door, beneath the bar, a space
just sufficient for a man to force his body through
in a stooping posture. They brought heavy pieces
from the adjacent pile, and using them as batter-
ing rams, soon beat in the weakened portion of
the door, and at the same time driving the articles
which had been piled against the door into the
middle of the room. Taught caution by the
losses they had sustained, they did not immedi-
ately attempt to enter through the aperture, but
thrusting in and crossing their rifles, discharged
them into the house. In this they had a double
design—that of killing or maiming some of the
occupants, and getting in under cover of the
smoke.

Before the deafening sound had ceased the
feather-crested head of the Wyandott warrior
parted the smoke-cloud that had obscured the in-
terior; but as he rose from a stooping posture on
entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous
force, cutting through the collarbone into the chest.
He dropped with a cold cry, half defenceless, half
agonized. Another savage followed, and another,
each to sink under the axe of the courageous ma-
tron. The fifth she missed, but instantly, she
grappled with him, and held him powerless in her
arms, while Alice plunged the knife in his bosom.
Of the next two that entered, one was disabled
by a severe blow on his head from Hope's rifle,
and the other very nearly decapitated by Miriam's
well directed axe.

Of the thirteen bronzed warriors who had left
their war tribe for the war path a few days before,
only two were un wounded and capable of service,
and they, seized with a panic at the havoc made
among their companions by the "long-knife
squaws," abandoned the siege and fled back to
the village. To the wounded left behind, no
quarter was given; to have spared them would
have been treason to the dead. Miriam's axe
and the long knife of Alice made short work of
them; and the duty fulfilled—the family lost no
time in proceeding to Frankfort. The next day,
a hundred mounted frontiersmen assembled, and
after bringing in the bodies of the Cooks and
McAndres, started for the nearest Wyandott vil-
lage to take a wholesome revenge.

Thrilling Incident.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon
the green. My feelings were very poetical as I
walked towards the village church. I entered.—
A popular preacher was holding forth and the lit-
tle meeting house was much crowded. Several
persons were standing up, and I soon discovered
that I must retain my perpendicular position, as
every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up
the aisle until I gained a position where I could
have a fair view of nearly all present. Many
of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I
was a stranger to them all. In a few moments,
however, the attention of every one appeared to be
absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also
began to take an interest in the discourse. The
speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were
even sublime. The music of the words and the
fragrance of the health seemed to respond to his
eloquence.

Then it was no great strength of the imagina-
tion to fancy that the white-banded creatures around
me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence,
were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings
were thus divided between the beauties and bless-
ings of the two worlds, and wrap in a sort of
poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of
an animated character.

I need not describe the sensation experienced
by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman
rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and
when he imagines himself to be an object of inter-
est, to her. I renewed my glances with interest,
and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which
the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's dis-
course had inspired in my heart—Doubting not the
fair damsels possessed kindred feelings with myself;
that we were drinking together at the fountain of
inspiration! How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these
wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of
romance, of poetry, and tenderness; and then I
thought of the purity of woman's love—her devo-
tion—her truth. I only prayed that I might meet
with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange
of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several
times our eyes met. My heart beat with rapture.
At length the benediction was pronounced. I lin-
gered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed
damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh!
that the customs of society would permit—for we
were surely one in soul. Cruel formalities! that
throws up a barrier between each other! Yet I
followed her. She looked behind, and I thought
she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as a
stranger of the day. I then recognized my pace,
and she actually slackened her's as if to let me come
up with her.

"Noble young creature! thought I, 'her art-
less and warm heart is superior to bonds of cus-
tom!'
I reached within a stone's throw of her. She
suddenly halted and turned her face toward me.
My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot
where she stood. She began to speak, and I took
off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.
"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupa-
tion."
"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very
bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly: "I
thought when I saw you in the meeting-house, that
you look like the pedlar who passed off a pewter
half-dollar on me three weeks ago, and so I was
determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John
has got home now, and says if he catches the fel-
low, he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure
but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all."
Reader, did you ever take a shower-bath?

Farm Economy.

There is, perhaps, nothing in which the farmers
of North Carolina are so deficient as in the econ-
omy of their general farm management. But, says
the "wise-acre" farmer, "what does this man
mean by talking to me about economy in farm
management, when I know that it is a principal
study with me to be as saving as possible with
everything about the farm. I use the hoe until it is
worn to be as small as my hand, an axe until
the bevil is worn entirely away, a plow until the
point and mould board are in such a condition as
to require twice the amount of labor to execute the
same work that a good plow would, if used."
These, with many others of what we call extrava-
gances, are regarded by many farmers as strict
economy. "A penny saved is a penny gained,"
says the immortal Franklin, and how many might
be saved, which are lost by farmers, using badly
worn out-tools, instead of good ones. Only think
for a moment how much more work a hand can
accomplish with a good tool than an indifferent
one. This want of economy is not, we are sorry
to say, confined to tools upon the farms, but
may be seen in every feature of our farming, look-
ing, for instance, how much is generally paid out by
our farmers for mules and horses, all of which
they could raise themselves with one half the ex-
pense at which they now obtain them. As an in-
stance of the great loss we yearly sustain in this
way, we will mention here that we were told a
short time since by a highly intelligent farmer in
Edgewood county, that he had made an estimate
of the money paid for mules during the last year,
by the farmers of that county, and to his perfect
astonishment the amount was nearly forty thou-
sand dollars. While upon this part of our subject,
we will remark that every farmer after having
been engaged in the business for three years time,
should raise his own horses and mules. It should
be done in this way: it is understood that every
farmer who manures to any extent during winter,
must have some extra teams to enable him to do
his hauling and heavy plowing, and instead of
using mules for this purpose, let him get large,
well-formed mares, and so arrange it that they do
not work during the summer at all, and let them
drop their colts in July or August, and by the lat-
ter part of the fall the colts will have a good start,
and will suffer but little if any injury from the mo-
ther being worked. There is much unnecessary
loss sustained in manures by our farmers, which,
with a little more care, might easily be avoided.
It seems really inconsistent to see a farmer eagerly
seeking after guano, lime, bone-dust, and plaster,
to apply to his land, when he has neglected his
barn yard manure, containing the same ele-
ments as these substances contain, and in a state
of solution too, which renders them available at
once as food for plants. We will carry this sub-
ject farther, and speak of one act of extravagance,
of which nine-tenths of our farmers are guilty,
and that is, in cultivating too much land. Let
a farmer reflect for a moment and see what he gains
by tilling a field which does not produce more
than three barrels of corn, or seven bushels of
wheat or oats. This amount will about pay ex-
penses of cultivation, and the farmer who tills such
land is left annually without any surplus, and his
land is wearing down, year after year. We ask
would it not be economy in such a farmer to till
less land, sell one-half of his farm and apply the
proceeds to the improvement of the balance? We
ask our readers to think of what we have here sug-
gested, and for the future, endeavor to use only
good tools, raise their own stock, and cultivate
small farms, and cultivate them well.

Benton on Jackson.

Benton, in his book, presents the character of
Gen. Jackson in a very agreeable light. We sub-
join an extract from his book:

"The first time I saw Gen. Jackson was at
Nashville, Tennessee, in 1799; he on the bench a
judge of the Superior court, and I a youth of sev-
enteen back in the crowd. He was then a remark-
able man, and had his ascendancy over all who ap-
proached him, not the effect of his high judicial
station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had
held and resigned, nor of military exploits, for he
had not then been to war; but the effect of person-
al qualities—cordial and graceful manners, hospi-
table temper, elevation of mind, undaunted
spirit, generosity and perfect integrity. In char-
ging the jury in the impending case, he committed
a slight solecism in language, which grated on my
ear and lodged in my memory, without derogating
in the least from the respect which he inspired,
and without awakening the slightest suspicion that
I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his dictation.

The first time I spoke with him was some years
after at a then frontier town in Tennessee, when
he was returning from a southern visit, which
brought him through the towns and camps of some
of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat,
I perceived on the white lining of the sleeve a
dark spot which had life and motion. I brushed
it off, and put my heel upon it—little thinking
that I was ever to brush away from him game of
very different kind. He smiled, and we began a
conversation, in which he very quickly revealed
a leading trait of his character—that of encourag-
ing young men in their laudable pursuits. Get-
ting my name, and learning my intended profes-
sion, he manifested a regard for me—said he had
received hospitality at my father's house in North
Carolina—gave me kind invitations to visit him,
and expressed a belief that I would do well at the
bar—generous words, which had the effect of pro-
moting what they undertook to foretell.

Soon after he had further opportunity to show
his generous feelings. I was employed in a crim-
inal case of great magnitude, where the oldest
and ablest counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy,
Whiteside, and the trial of which Gen. Jackson
attended through concern for the fate of a friend.
As junior counsel, I had to precede my elders,
and did my best, and it being on the side of his
feelings, he found my effort to be better than his
was. He complimented me greatly, and from that
time our intimacy began.

His temper was placable as well as irascible,
and his reconciliations cordial and sincere. Of
that my own case was a singular instance. Af-
ter a deadly feud, I became his confidential advis-
er, was offered the highest marks of his favor,
and received from his dying bed a message of
friendship dictated when life was departing, and
when he was struggling for breath.

He was gentle in his house, and alive to the
tenderest emotion. Of this I can give an instance
greatly in contrast with his supposed character,
and worth more than a long discourse in showing
what that character really was. I arrived at his
house one wet chilly evening in February, and
came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone by
the fire, a lamb and child between his knees. He
started a little, called a servant to remove the two
little innocents to another room and explained to me
how it was. The child had cried because the
lamb was out in the cold, and he had brought it in
to please the child—his adopted Southern nob two
years old. The ferocious man does not do that!
And though Jackson had his passions and his vio-
lence, they were for men and enemies—those who
stood up against him—and not for women and
children, or the weak and helpless.

His hospitality was active and cordial. Of this
I learned a characteristic instance in relation to
the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young
man had come to Nashville on his father's busi-
ness, to be detained some weeks, and took lodg-
ings in a small tavern. Jackson heard of it;
sought him out, found him, took him home to re-
main as long as his business detained him in the
country, saying: "Your father's dog should not
stay in a tavern where I have a house." This was
heart. The story was told me by the young
man himself, long after, when he was State Sen-
ator of the General Assembly of Missouri.

THE FACE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—That face,
in appearance so motionless and insensible, is but
the mask of the man within, ardent and powerful.
Those eyes are dull, but as profound as the
thoughts in which drive, and which rise at times in
their orbits as the flame rises from the hearth from
whence it derives its fire. That brow is gloomy
as fire, but expansive as creative genius. Those
lips are colored—severed; scarcely sufficient
parting, and open just enough to allow the curt
and precise expression of a will emanating from
reflection, and inexorably resolved. The voice is
indolent and drawing, but self-reliant; and the
indifference which shows itself is but the excess of
that confidence. Courage concealed by timidity
—resolution disguised by gentleness—inflexibility
softened by mildness—policy hidden by good
nature—life under marble—fire under ashes; in a
word, something partaking of Augustus and of
Tiberius, but with a face of a Werther, that type of
German sentimentality. Such does Louis Napo-
leon Bonaparte appear.

to become sore by the pressure of their finger nails.
The best milkers scarcely move their elbows, but
with the upper portion of the hand grasping and
compressing the teat, force the jet of milk by the
pressure of the lower fingers.

Whether a cow should be milked before, after,
or during feeding, is a question of minor impor-
tance, and must be decided by circumstances.—
R. L. Allen, in his excellent work on "domestic
animals," recommends, if we rightly remember,
that they be milked while feeding, for the reason,
that while thus engaged they will more readily let
down their milk; but many cows, at other times
quite quiet, will be a little uneasy while eating, and will
not get out all that belongs to them, but
share of their neighbor's meal also. For this
reason we always milked before feeding, that the
food might appear as a reward of merit. Where
one has but one or two cows, it is of course a
matter of little moment.

In fine, we recommend to those who want much
milk and good milk, kindness and cleanliness.
Journal of Agriculture.

Rothchild and Palestine.

We clip the following from the Vermont Chroni-
cle:

"It is rumored in Paris that M. de Rothchild
had offered to except the terms proposed for the
Turkish loan, or even to advance a larger sum,
provided a mortgage was given him on Pales-
tine."
This rumor is highly suggestive. Every reflect-
ing christian must have had frequent thoughts of
the Jews of Palestine, and of the precious prom-
ises and prophecies laid up for them in the Bible,
during the thickening of the war plot, which now
must inevitably involve all Europe. The great
battle of Armageddon—the angel standing in the
sun calling all the fowls to the feast of the great
God—the treading of the winepress without the
city and the blood coming to the horses' bridle
are passages of holy writ that come up before the
mind with awful grandeur, clothed with the idea
of a possible fulfillment within a short time. Pal-
estine is the Lord's inheritance, reserved for the
seed of Abraham. The Turkish power hold it,
its downfall is imminent; and who next shall own
Palestine? Evidently the Jews.

The world has wondered at the wealth of the
Rothchilds. They are Jews. Why has Providence
raised them up and placed in their hands an
amount of wealth equal to that of an entire
kingdom? May it not be for such a time as this?
The Turkish power, straitened for money to
fight against Russia, comes to one of the Jews to
borrow—he asks mortgage on Palestine, and on
this condition offers more money than Turkey
asks. The Sultan, knowing Palestine is one por-
tion of his dominions on which the Emperor of
Russia has fixed his covetous eyes, that he may
command the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and
also the mouths of the Nile, would the more readi-
ly mortgage it to Rothchild, to put it in his
hands from the enemy as possible, and identify it with
the interests of Western Europe, and by this means
the more effectually secure the aid of England
and France. In the event Turkey is swallowed
up—the mortgage lies unredemmed—Palestine is
once more the property of an Israelite. But Rus-
sia is determined to have it; but to obtain it she
must fight all Europe—and the last great conflict
is on this sacred ground. Now forms of govern-
ment arise all over Europe, and the Jews return
to the fatherland under the deed of Rothchild.—
These are thoughts which quickly spring in our
mind upon reading the above few lines.

Mr. Craige and Mr. Hunt.
Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.
WASHINGTON, May 22, 1854.
Gentlemen: Your correspondent from Wash-
ington does the Hon. Barton Craige, of North
Carolina, a wrong in stating that Mr. Hunt, of
Louisiana, applied to him the word falsehood with-
out any explanation. The circumstances were as
herein stated. Mr. Craige called Mr. Hunt to
order. Mr. Hunt expressed surprise. Mr. Craige
said he called the gentleman to order because he
regarded him a factiousist. Mr. Hunt had previous-
ly denied in his place that he was a factiousist, and
intimated that he would not permit the term to be
applied to him. His rejoinder to Mr. Craige was,
"if the gentleman intended to stigmatize him as a
factiousist, then it was a falsehood." If Mr. Craige
did intend to stigmatize Mr. Hunt as a factiousist,
then the *onus* was upon Mr. Hunt. If Mr. Craige
did not intend a stigma, then the word falsehood
does not attach to Mr. C. Mr. Craige is here re-
garded of the pink of civility and has acted under
the advice of Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, Gen-
eral Lane, of Oregon, (the Baron of the army in
Mexico) and the Hon. Mr. Brooks of your State.
No triumph is claimed by the friends of Mr. Craige,
but his friends cannot permit him to be misrep-
resented at the South, while he is battling for her
rights. He is sustained and the counsel of his
friends is endorsed by Bull, R. Badger, Toombs,
Brockenridge, Preston, Boyd, Clineburn, and every
other prominent man of the Democratic party in
Congress. The treasurers profess to think diffi-
dently, but when they become authority in af-
fairs of honor, then will it be true civility to calcu-
late if honor can mend a broken leg. C.

Eloquence.
Hon. L. M. KEITT.—The most eloquent mem-
ber, by odds, in Congress at this time, in either
branch of it, is the Hon. L. M. Keitt from South
Carolina. Beautiful extracts from the one or two
speeches he has made have gone the rounds of
the press. The following, which has scarcely
ever been surpassed on the senate floor for elo-
quence of the eulogy and the beauty of simile, is
one of the several single passages, which have
rendered his title to the distinction of "orator" val-
id and legitimate.

MR. CALHOUN.—"Sir, the history of Mr. Cal-
houn for forty years is largely identified with
the history of the Union. Splendid as was his intel-
lect—glorious as were his deeds—his moral purity
beautified his character like the bow seen in the
clouds. No indirection ever marked his course.
Win or fail, he ever marched directly to his ob-
ject. Others might win their way to the pinnacle
of power by tortuous windings, as the serpent
climbs upwards by sinuous folds, yet leaving be-
hind, through bush and bramble, a track of slime
to mark its course. He stooped upon the summit
as stoops the eagle from his lofty companionship
with the sun. Never did criminal ambition se-
duce him from the duty of the patriot. He had
travelled round the circle of human honors, and
won each prize, save one—and that, too, was in
his grasp; when he turned aside from the proud
pathway of ambition, to pick up—all torn and
sullied—the Constitution of his country. Ex-
hausted and broken by a life-long public service,
he came here—while thick clouds were gathering
in our sky, to shield the Union from outrage, and
spend his last breath in the struggle for constitu-
tional right. He came here stripped of the moral
ambition, to utter his words of prophetic vision,
and then—the oracle warn upon his lips—to die
in yonder Hall, with his arms locked around the
pillars of the Constitution, breathing a farewell
prayer for its honor and integrity."

THE BEST THRESHER.—We see it stated that
the "Sykes Thresher" is the best in the country.
This is a mistake. The writer of that did not
know our schoolmaster. He was organized thresh-
ing. Indeed, he took all the wheat out of us in
such a thorough way, that we have never been
able to make bread since.—Montgomery Mail.